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COLLEGIATE.

Talented Senior: PARDON ME, MISS BUDD, IS IT TRUE THAT YOU ARE ENGAGED TO MY CLASSMATE CHARLEY HOWARD?

Miss B.: THAT'S RATHER A POINTED QUESTION.

T. S.: EXCUSE MY ASKING, BUT I AM HISTORIAN FOR OUR CLASS, AND AM GETTING ALL THE GRINDS ON THE FELLOWS I CAN.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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THERE is glorious promise that the injury done to true religion by the repulse of Sam Jones at Chicago will be offset by success in an unexpected quarter. Our valued contemporary, the *Missionary Herald*, prints an article signed by a responsible name, which declares a state of feeling to be prevalent in Japan which cannot but be gratifying to all Christendom. It is now ten years or more since the Bible was done into Japanese, and for a much longer period than that devoted missionaries have been exerting themselves to instill Christian truth into hearts whose natural preference was paganism. At first their efforts excited violent opposition, which has gradually abated with the opening of the country to Western influence, until now it is reported that a strong national Japanese party advocates having the Mikado and other Mugwumps baptized, and bringing Japan before the world as a Christian country. The *Missionary Herald*, which publishes this news, is the organ of the 'A. B. C. F. M., and when it talks about mission fields it may be expected to speak by the card. The Japanese, says its informant, are very eager to become a Christian nation, particularly if they can be let in in bulk. It is not claimed that the yearning of each particular Jap for a change of heart is intense, but merely that, as a nation, they wish to be part of Christendom. When the King of Spain died the other day the Mikado wore mourning for him, and when mass was lately said in Tokio for the Russian minister who died there, a Japanese representative attended. Both of these circumstances are regarded as significant of the attitude of the country toward Christianity.

As a Christian journal, which loves the missionaries, *LIFE* is for letting Japan come in. But it hopes that so grave a step will not be taken from mistaken or improper motives. If the Flowery Kingdom looks with envious eyes at England's opium trade, or covets Germany's guns, or admires our treatment of the Chinese, it should be warned that beneficial results such as these are not the immediate outcome of Christian principles. It takes some time and patience for nations to acquire a character which enables them to act like blackguards and be Christian nations still. Japan should under-

stand that it will be expected of her as the newest comer to be consistent and set an example to the rest.

THE recent speeches and receptions of Mr. Jefferson Davis in various Southern cities have given some of the Northern fire-eaters a chance to inflate their lungs and vent their malice in blatant utterances. Their performance is like Mr. Davis's, in that it possesses curious interest rather than any likelihood to produce results. We are inclined to bear any indiscretion of speech from Mr. Davis with a great deal of patience. The old man has personal qualities which have always been able to inspire love and fidelity among his followers, and now in his age he recalls in his person dead hopes that were dear, dead men whose memories are still dear, and the memory of a great struggle bravely fought out. It ought to be a matter of pride with the North that the leader of the Confederacy can speak his mind in the South without exciting reasonable fear of the consequences; and sensible people do so regard it. It proves with emphasis how thoroughly the South was whipped, and how final was the conclusion reached at Appomattox. No sensible man believes that any regrets, expressed by Mr. Davis over the Lost Cause can sow the germs of future rebellion in the Southern mind. The war was fought all through. Slavery is gone. Secession is dead. Mr. Davis cannot even make its memory dear, and it is doubtful if he wants to. If he has any poison in his system that full expression will remove, it is to be hoped that he will speak out and relieve himself. He is a sad old man, beloved by many still, but not a person to be feared.

OUR friend Martin Irons has been pitched off of his throne, and the strike on the Gould roads is over. Martin figures out that, after all, the strike was successful. "We struck for recognition," he says, "and we got it." Yes; you got it! so did the jackass who looked in the glass.

THE time approaches on the run when the civilized world will build a tight fence around Chicago for its own protection. The lake city has broken out with the eight-hour delusion in a virulent and infectious form. St. Louis has made a record that seems to have fired her rival's soul. The prospect is good that Chicago's preëminence in strikes will be as conclusively proved as in fires and in crime.

THE President does not acknowledge the corn yet, but neither does he deny the soft impeachment. The Washington correspondents have a great mass of evidence in the case, and will undoubtedly bring a breach of promise suit on their own account if their hopes are blighted.



THE SPINET.

IN gown of white at sunset light
She sits and plays upon her spinet,
And falling clear upon his ear,
Come forth the dainty airs within it.

Unconsciously her fingers stray
His heart strings o'er, as on the spinet.
Love makes him weak; he dares not speak;
His coward tongue cannot begin it.

The twilight falls adown the walls,
Yet softly on her fair form lingers
A last red glow, as, loth to go,
The sun leaves kisses on her fingers.

The moments fly; her faint hopes die,
And vanish with the fading day:
The airs grow sad that once were glad,
And Love, discouraged, creeps away.



They both are gone; now quite forlorn
In dusty attic stands the spinet;
And naught remains to mark Love's pains,
Except the airs she found within it.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY AND KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

IN the first place, do away with the expense of a family physician. Be your own doctor.
Limit your wife to seven bonnets a year.
Play straight poker; no jack-pots.
Save the old wine bottles and sell to a junk dealer.
Write poetry for the magazines.
Give up your pew in church.
Take one less Sunday paper.
Spend one evening at home every week. *Item, \$7 saved, amounting to \$364 per annum.*

Pay cash for everything, if you have to borrow the money.
H. V. S.

BEFORE marriage a girl speaks to her lover with her eyes; after marriage, with her tongue.

A NON-COMMITTAL ANSWER—The charge is dismissed.

A LETTER.

ON-THE-JUMP—ALONG-THE-RIO-GRANDE, }
May 6, 1886.

Editor LIFE:

I WOULD like to get your opinion as to the chances of making arrangements with the United States authorities for exchanging prisoners. The prisoners whom I capture generally die as soon as they are taken, but I am willing to swap three dead pale faces for one live Apache, and to maintain a cartel of exchange on this basis. If this is not satisfactory to your people, I will give two ponies for one Indian. Please let me know what your people think about my proposition.

We Indians need a larger United States army as a source of supplies, whisky and hair. If your army remains as small as it is, I'm afraid that we shall starve.

We have in stock some drawing material, dirty collars, pocket flask and hair, taken from a sketch-artist, which we would like to sell you at a bargain. The artist died of concussion of the brain soon after his capture. If you wish to buy this stuff, please make a written proposition, and send the letter to Gen. Miles.

GERONIMO,

Per J. A. Macon.



“MATER SAVA CUPIDINUM.”

(RONDEAU.)

HORACE, BOOK 1, ODE 19.

MY heart reverts to its old dreams,
Now Spring has quickened buds and streams.
Away! ye sapless, marrowless,
Dull progeny of legal press!
My thoughts now run on sweeter themes.

To one slim country-cousin Bess,
Whose snowy shoulder dimly gleams
Beneath her dotted muslin dress,
My heart reverts.

I'll take a week—or more—or less;
Go tell her—(ah, how nice it seems!)
A hammock 'twixt two leafy beams—
A cigarette—a B. and S.—,
To whom, mid city life's excess,
My heart reverts.

G. A. Hall.

THE British Parliament having taken hold of the matter, the *Oregon* disaster has become a greater mystery than ever.



Book Agent: NOW, THEN, HERE IS BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Aunt Susan: NO, SAR, I'SE GOT TWO BUNIONS ALREADY AND DEY'S NEVER BEEN NO HELP TO DIS YER PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

BARNUM'S LATEST ACQUISITIONS.

A KENTUCKIAN without a title.
A Bostonian who is not a snob.
An interesting Philadelphian.
A gentleman from Chicago, and a New Yorker who would not sell his soul for \$.

THE highest compliment that one can pay to Irving's *Mephistopheles* is that he looks like the devil in it.

FERDINAND WARD is being sued by his mother-in-law.

Poor Ward. Thus his best friends throw him over, one by one.

N. B.—We call attention to the entirely novel and original sentiment contained in the above paragraph.

THIS is not the first season that some of our ex-Aldermen have spent behind the Bar.

OUT in Texas a man named Tennyson was lynched by masked men. The lynchers should not be too hardly condemned. They probably thought they had the Poet.

CABLEGRAMS.

BY THE BACKPAY-SENDIT CABLE.

(Foreign contributors of cablegrams will please enclose stamps to cover postage on rejected despatches. Such despatches will be destroyed, but the stamps will be confiscated to pay for the trouble of reading them.)

THE Greek disarmament is progressing splendidly, and several officers have been promoted for gallantry in performing the work. The old camp skillets and coffee-pots captured by the ancient Greeks from the Persians have been put away in a stable loft, and the Krupp guns wrapped up in horse blankets and backed into a tobacco warehouse. The ultimatum was received by the Greeks with great respect. They rolled it up in a flannel petticoat and dropped it into a well.

THE Khedive of Egypt has invented a submarine battery to operate against hostile fleets. His plan is to train a number of tame hippopotami to draw cannon and take the place of artillery horses. These animals will then be hitched up and the cannon can be drawn along the bottom of the ocean. The gunners will have their heads in glass cases connected with the upper air by rubber tubes attached to corks. Dynamite will be used in the gun as an explosive and the guns will be discharged vertically against the bottom of the enemy's ships.



MISS HENPECK'S METHOD.

THE HUSBAND TAMER.

PROFESSOR GLEASON, the horse tamer, who has been amusing the New York public for the last week or so by operating upon horses said to have pepper corns in their ears—by removing the pepper corns—has been outdone by Miss Professress Henpeck, who is expected to hold forth very soon in the Women's Exchange. Miss Henpeck operates upon stubborn and recalcitrant husbands—husbands who are deaf to entreaties for Easter bonnets, and who leave no loose change in their vest pockets. Miss Henpeck hails from the great West, and her system has been put into use in nearly all of the great Western cities. It is very simple and effective, and commends itself at once to every reasonable and dutiful wife.

A simple stout fish line is Miss Henpeck's *materiel*. The husband who is opposed to spring bonnets is thus treated by this wonderful woman:

The husband is brought into the sawdust arena carefully handcuffed; a strap is then buckled around the ankle of his right leg, and a leather belt or surcingle is adjusted about his waist and pulled very tight. An iron ring fastened to the belt serves as a fulcrum or pulley for the stout line, which is attached to the strap on the victim's ankle, and Miss Henpeck by pulling the line firmly is thus

enabled to draw the victim's right foot off the ground.

Any one can then hold up a new spring bonnet with a marked price on it of \$90. If the victim winces or refuses to purchase, he is driven thrice around the sawdust arena on one foot. On the second round he usually succumbs and buys with cheerful alacrity.

Should, however, the husband prove obdurate, he is cast some three or four times. This is accomplished in a most ingenious manner by Miss Henpeck, by means of a rope and pulley attached to his left leg. The husband finding his left leg drawn from under him, and that he really has no leg left to stand upon, usually succumbs; Miss H. places her foot proudly on his neck, amid bursts of shrill feminine applause. Bonnets of various sizes and prices, from \$100 upwards, are now shaken before him, and if he chooses the largest and highest in price his manacles and shackles are at once removed, and the band strikes up, "See, the Conquering Heroine Comes!"

Some husbands are so far gone as to swear audibly at hats which obscure the view of the stage at a theatre. Miss Henpeck cures the most obstinate cases in from ten to twenty minutes, while the wife waits. She affirms that a husband once well broken never objects to millinery again of any kind.

In the course of a long and varied experience, Miss H. has broken in 8,294 obdurate husbands, and 7,923 objecting fathers. She has never had, as yet, a single lover under treatment. She states in her little pamphlet she sells (price only \$2) that lovers usually are found to promise anything. Of the husbands, 4,250 objected to new bonnets; 523 to pin money; 1,071 to going with sufficient frequency to the theatre; 864 to their wives relations—particularly to mothers-in-law; and the remainder to getting up to breakfast. Several of the worst cases were subdued by means of the "Garroter Bridle," an invention of Miss



THE GARROTER GAG.

Henpeck's own. By means of this little device the victim's head is thrown back and he is talked to for two hours by a strong-minded mother-in-law, hired especially for the occasion.

Ladies desiring their husbands cured of all little petty vices, such as staying out after 10 P. M., beer, cocktails, "seeing a friend," the club, "business down town," etc., may call or send postal to Miss Henpeck at the Stewart-Hilton-Woman's-Hotel. Husbands may be brought, carefully gagged and bound, between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M., and it is particularly requested that if private treatment is required a fee of thirteen cents be prepaid when delivered.

We wish Miss Henpeck every success, inasmuch as we seem (being untrammelled bachelors) to belong to the category which requires no especial breaking in. If Miss H.'s system should be introduced into the lower classes, we can see no reason for thinking that in time



the "Coster may cease jumping on his mother!" We shall do all in our power to further Miss H.'s laudable efforts in the subjugation of the Married Man.

THE boycott grows in popular detestation. There are still some English things for which America furnishes an unwilling market.

FIVE men have just been killed in an election fight in Texas.

Good! We hope to hear of five hundred the next time.

IN THE VAN—Furniture.

BOOKISHNESS

THE REAL AND IDEAL IN FICTION.

AS a picture of honest Scotch sincerity, fidelity and depth of feeling, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's novel, "A Daughter of Fife" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is refreshing in these days of shams in life and literature. The character of *Maggie* is eminently true in conception and development. The old Scotch creed may make a narrow life, but never a shallow one. The foundations which it lays in youth rest on what Carlyle calls the "eternal verities." Every believer in it is serene in the consciousness that he is the son of a great King. To this is due the noble assurance which makes the Scotch peasant the peer of any man. Where all are princes who can be a slave?

So it happens that this daughter of a Fife fisherman is no unfit companion for the heir of the Campbells of Drumloch. Her heart was right always; her sincerity made her at home in the heather-roofed cottage or Drumloch Castle.

The other characters are mere sketches. *David* is an admirable illustration of the austerity and selfishness that may spring from Calvinism. *Mary Campbell* is a pleasing but colorless portrait of the typical good angel of fiction. *Allan Campbell* is a rather self-willed young man who knew a lovable girl when he saw her, and was constant for two years—about his only qualification for a hero.

The Scottish dialect is given with rare melody and simplicity, never so broad as to befog the general reader.

* * *

IN the May *Century* there is a short story, "Iduna," by George A. Hibbard, which is a remarkable creation. The realists and anatomists will "dismiss it with a smile," but those who still believe that there is an ideal element in art will linger over its pages. The story is in the realm of pure imagination, where Poe and Hawthorne were once at home. The conception is daring, and the execution is equal to it. Never does the writer falter in his flight. One beautiful fancy succeeds another until the illusion is complete. Back

of it all is a great moral truth, giving serious purpose and reality to what would else be the fabric of a dream. The language is as beautiful as the thought, rich, suggestive and musical. It is as though the writer of "Rappaccini's Daughter" had half awakened from his long sleep and made a new revelation.

* * *

IN the same number of the *Century* Mr. Howells shows the limits of realism of the better sort. It is hard to imagine a finer photograph from commonplace life than is given of *Lemuel Barker's* Sunday afternoon call upon *Statira* and *Manda*. Humor, satire and pathos are deftly pictured, but Fancy and Imagination did not aid the painter. To paraphrase another writer, it may be said that Mr. Howells begins with observation instead of meditation, and so paints shells to resemble life rather than creates "things with souls in them."

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

CANOEING IN KANUCKIA. By Charles Ledyard Norton and John Habberton. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Bohemian Tragedy. By Lily Curry. T. B. Peterson & Bros. Philadelphia.

Bugle Echoes. A Collection of Poems of the Civil War. Edited by Francis F. Browne. White, Stokes & Allen.

Not His Daughter. By Will Harburt. T. B. Peterson & Bros. Philadelphia.

MR. BURNAND has introduced a new feature into *Punch*.

There was a joke in it last week.

QUICK TO LEARN THE BUSINESS.

PASSENGER (to conductor on Third avenue car): You are not one of the new conductors, are you?

Conductor: Yes; never worked on a car before.

Passenger (somewhat astonished): Is it possible! I should have said that you are a conductor of long experience.

Conductor: Why?

Passenger: Because you've got seventeen passengers aboard, and only twelve fares registered.



A DISTINCTION.

Mrs. B.: POOR CLARA! WHAT A PITY SHE SHOULD SELL HERSELF TO THAT WHEEZY OLD SKELETON.
Mrs. K.: MY DEAR, IT IS NOT A SALE; ONLY A LEASE.



WHY DOES NOT THE TAILOR CLOTHE HIM, THE COBBLER SHOE HIM, THE BUILDER MAKE HIM A HOUSE, THE CAPITALIST EMPLOY HIM, OR THE BUTCHER AND BAKER FEED HIM?

BECAUSE
THEY HAVE
STRUCK.

THE AMERICAN OF T

LIFE ·



AN OF THE FUTURE.

THEN WHY DOES HE NOT DO SOMETHING
FOR HIMSELF?

BECAUSE HE HAS
STRUCK, TOO.



MR. JOHN A. MCCAULL'S admirable company would make really good theatrical material a blessing to playgoers; inferior work absolutely pleasant, and mediocre efforts more than endurable. Consequently "Don Cæsar," which may be classed in the last category, is worthy of notice.

The programme says that Dellinger, the composer of "Don Cæsar," is one of the quartette of living musicians. Well, perhaps he may be. In that case give me the dead ones. The libretto, which was written from the French of D'Ennery and Dumanoir by O. Walther, has been translated into literal English by William Von Sachs, junior. William Von Sachs, junior, has not been happy in his endeavors. He has confined himself to the letter of his task, and gone no further.

"Language," says somebody—I do n't remember what body—"is not a musical instrument, which, breathed into by a fool, will make melody." Exactly. Something more than mere breath is necessary, though William Von Sachs, junior, evidently believes otherwise.

The trouble with comic operas of to-day is that there is no intellectual gratification anywhere near them. Their efforts are mostly of the leg, leggy. They bristle with would-be "catchy" airs, which somehow never find their way out of the theatre, and they disdain any bright, entertaining situations.

I believe there is a plot in "Don Cæsar," but as I never can, even by concentrating my most overwhelming attention on the stage, understand comic opera plots, except those of Gilbert and Sullivan, I am not quite sure of it. American artists are not given to distinct pronunciation, and the words of their songs and consequently of the major part of the opera are generally unintelligible. De Wolf Hopper, as *Don Ranudo Onofrio de Colibrados*, is an exception to this rule. Every word he utters is always understood and always has been.

"Don Cæsar" deals with a street in Madrid, a prison, a castle, a masked marriage, a few amusing situations therefrom resultant and some Italian opera-ism on the part of Signor Perugini. There are some effective choruses admirably rendered—especially that without accompaniment—and there is a finale which rises undeniably above mediocrity.

The scenery is admirable. Mr. McCaull never fails in his part of the production. He leaves the art of lacking to the William Von Sachs, juniors. The castle in the neighborhood of Madrid is an extremely pretty piece of stage effect.

Signor Perugini had the lion's share of the cast. His voice was in excellent condition and, barring the plethora of gestures which he brought to bear upon his impersonation of *Don Cæsar*, his performance was grateful.

Mme. Cottrelly, unfortunately, had very little to do, and Miss Genevieve Reynolds, equally unfortunately, had too much. Miss Bertha Ricci, as *Maritanna*, sang very agreeably and her stage presence was plumply comfortable. Mr. Hopper was as funny as ever, and mercifully refrained from deluging the audience with topics in his song. I think he only gave four encores, which is a most gratifying fact to note. There were half a dozen very comely girls, falconers to the queen, whose names were all on the programme, but as they had nothing to say, and no one had anything to say to them, I cannot—without running the risk of being accused of stage-doorism—say which was which.

By-the-bye, there is one "catchy" air in "Don Cæsar." It is the serenade. I have just whistled it, which speaks volumes in its favor.

Alan Dale.

"WHERE does the neck end and the bust begin?" is a question agitating the minds of dress-reformers. As most dress-reformers have either no neck at all, or no bust to speak of, they will probably give it up.



RESULTS OF RAIMENT.

Mr. B. (referring to lady to whom he has made a profound bow): WHO IS THAT LADY? HER FACE IS FAMILIAR.
Mrs. B.: A COOK I DISCHARGED TWO MONTHS AGO.

NEW YORK IN 1950.

A PROPHECY.

SCENE—An Intelligence Office. Behind a tall desk sits Mr. Smith, the proprietor.

A door on the right discloses a number of handsomely dressed ladies seated on wooden benches.

A door on the left opens.

Enter Bridget Molony and Mary McGuire.

MR. SMITH (rising and bowing profoundly): Ah! good morning, Miss Molony, good morning, Miss McGuire. Can I do anything for you this morning, ladies?

MISS M.: Yis, Mr. Smith, yez can find us good situations. Miss McGuire wants to be a waitress an' I'm lookin' out fer a cook's place.

MR. S.: Why, Miss Molony, you astonish me! I thought I had found you a first-class situation only last week. What was the matter?

MISS M.: First-class, was it? Faith, thin, it did n't suit me. There was too much company intirely, an' the missus was too fond of interfarin' in the kitchen, an' if there's one thing I won't stand it's interfarin.

MISS MCG.: That's thrue for ye, Miss Molony; I niver puts up with anny interfarin meself—I just puts my foot down whin I goes into a place, an' that's the end of it.

MR. S.: Well, now, ladies, I believe I can suit you both. (Turning over the leaves of his ledger.) Here's an excellent place for a waitress—Mrs. Livingston Knickerbocker, No. 1,000 Fifth avenue, wants a waitress, wages no object, only two in family—

MISS MCG. (interrupting): How many servants does they kape?

MR. S.: Oh, I was just coming to that. Let me see (referring to his books); yes, here it is—four servants, including the coachman.

MISS MCG.: That won't do. The work is too hard fer a dillicate gurrul like meself—only four!

MR. S.: But just listen a minute, Miss Mc-

Guire; Mr. and Mrs. Knickerbocker are old people—they live very quietly, go to bed early, and have hardly any visitors. It's a very easy place.

MISS M.: Yis, indade, it's a foine place, fer I'm well acquainted with the lady who does their cookin'.

MISS MCG. (doubtfully): If it's such a good place, why did n't the waitress stay?

MR. S. (eagerly): Oh, I can satisfy you on that point, Miss McGuire. She left because she was going to be married, not from any fault she found with Mrs. Knickerbocker. In fact, she gives Mrs. K. an excellent character.

MISS MCG.: Well, thin, bring her out, an' I'll see if I like the looks uv her.

MR. S.: Unfortunately, I can't do that, Miss McGuire; Mrs. Knickerbocker is somewhat of an invalid just at present, and wished me to send any applicant to her house.

MISS M. (hastily): Do n't ye go, Mary, darlint—do n't ye go! That's what Terry calls "givin' in to the whims of yer employers."

MR. S.: But, ladies—

MISS MCG. (with decision): Miss Molony's right. Yez can find me another place, Mr. Smith.

MR. S.: Well, then, what do you say to a summer at Newport? Mrs. Gramercy Beekman wants a cook and waitress at once. She has a charming house, ladies, and excellent references from her last servants. I should think the place might suit you both.

MISS M.: I say there'll be too much company. I'd be worn out intirely.

MR. S.: Luckily, Mrs. Beekman is in deep mourning, so that objection is disposed of. Besides—

MISS MCG.: No! I won't go! New York's good enough for me.

MISS M.: An' for me.

MR. S.: Then there's another capital place. Mrs. Stuyvesant will surely suit you; she keeps ten servants, never comes into the kitchen, and will pay the very highest wages. What more can you ask?

MISS M.: Is she here?

MR. S.: She is.

MISS MCG.: Well, call her in.

MR. S. (going to door on right and opening it): Mrs. Stuyvesant, will you step this way, please; I have a call for you.

(Enter Mrs. Stuyvesant. As Miss Molony and Miss McGuire have occupied the only two chairs, she remains standing.)

MISS M. (in a loud whisper): She looks like an aisy-tempered woman.

MISS MCG. (aside): Looks is often desateful. (To Mrs. S.) What wages do yez give?

MRS. S.: Twenty dollars to my waitress, twenty-five to my cook.

MISS M. (tossing her head): That's too chape fer me. I niver goes less than thirty dollars.

MISS MCG.: Och! an' it's a granehorn ye're looking for, I should say! No respectable gurrul would take twinty dollars!

MR. S.: Now, Mrs. Stuyvesant, let me advise you. Miss McGuire is a highly accomplished lady, and would be an ornament to any kitchen. Better secure her at her own price. As for Miss Molony—

(He is interrupted by the entrance of Ann McCafferty, who rushes in breathlessly, exclaiming): I'm just in toime! Come away, Miss Molony! There's a strike ordered to-day, and ye're wanted for Vice-president! Come on, Miss McGuire!

MR. SMITH: But, my dear ladies, what—excuse me—. What folly this is! Why should you strike? Do n't you get every thing you ask for?

MISS MCGAFFERTY: Divil a bit! There's me own cousin, Biddy Gowan, has just been discharged for wearin' the missus's best bonnet to a wake, an' we'll have our revinge an' see her reinstated, or we'll burn down the house! So come along, gurruls—an' hurrah!

MISS M.: Hurrah!

Exeunt in confusion.

Scene closes.

E. T. Corbett.

WITH OUR APOLOGIES.

WHY is a young man closeted with his wife's mother like an angry bear at a circus? Because there is trouble, Bruin.

AT a recent French duel the injured party was shot through the hat.

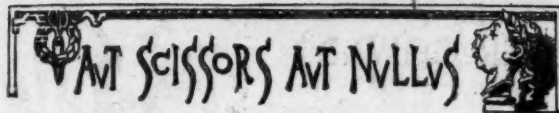
He declared his wounded honor satisfied with the apology.



"TAIN'T FEEDIN' TIME YET."



"AIN'T IT!"



A LONG FAREWELL.

LAST night a little Massachusetts avenue boy was saying his prayers at his mother's knee, and just before reaching the end he stopped.

"Go on, Freddie," said his mother, "you have 'nt finished yet."

"Bless papa and mamma," he continued, "and now, good-by God, Lent is over, and I guess you won't hear from us again till this time next year, amen."—*Washington Critic*.

ONE EFFECT OF MR. GARLAND'S TESTIMONY.

A K STREET girl and a young Congressman were engaged the other evening in bantering Cupid.

"Ah!" she said prettily, after one of his soft speeches, "I see a flush on your cheek."

"No!" he exclaimed nervously, putting his hand to his face. "is it a bob tail or a straight?"

Our national legislators will never be successful lovers until they reform.—*Washington Critic*.

AN EMPHATIC OPINION.

LAWYER—"Do you know the witness who has just stepped down, Mr. Robinson?"

Witness—"Yes, sir."

"Do you think he would ever tell an untruth!"

"Tell an untruth! Why, that man would swear to a New York paper's circulation affidavit."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

A HASTY WOMAN.

HORACE was standing in the upper hall one day doing something which his mother disapproved of and ordered stopped. He continued at it after one or two prohibitions, and finally she started toward him. He darted toward the stairway and down the stairs with such haste that he went two, three and four steps at a time, and landed in a heap on the floor. Gathering himself up, he managed to climb upon a chair, and sat there, puffing and panting, until his frightened mother reached him, when he was just able to gasp out:

"Mother, you ought n't—to—to—hurry me so!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

THE OX GORED ON THE OTHER SIDE.

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The youth was up to time, and the farmer said:

"Well, have you got your character with you?"

"No," replied the youth, "but I've got yours, and I'm not comin'."—*Boston Journal*.

AN exchange says: "An Episcopal tea was held at the hospitable home of Mrs. So-and-so on Saturday afternoon."

This Episcopal tea probably has less water in it than the Baptist tea would have, and more sugar and milk than the Presbyterian tea.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

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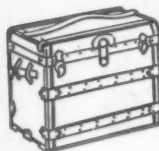
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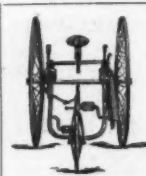
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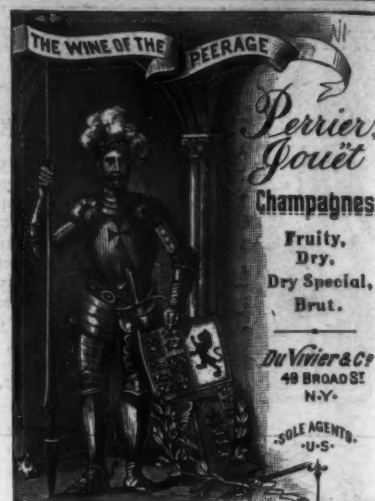
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